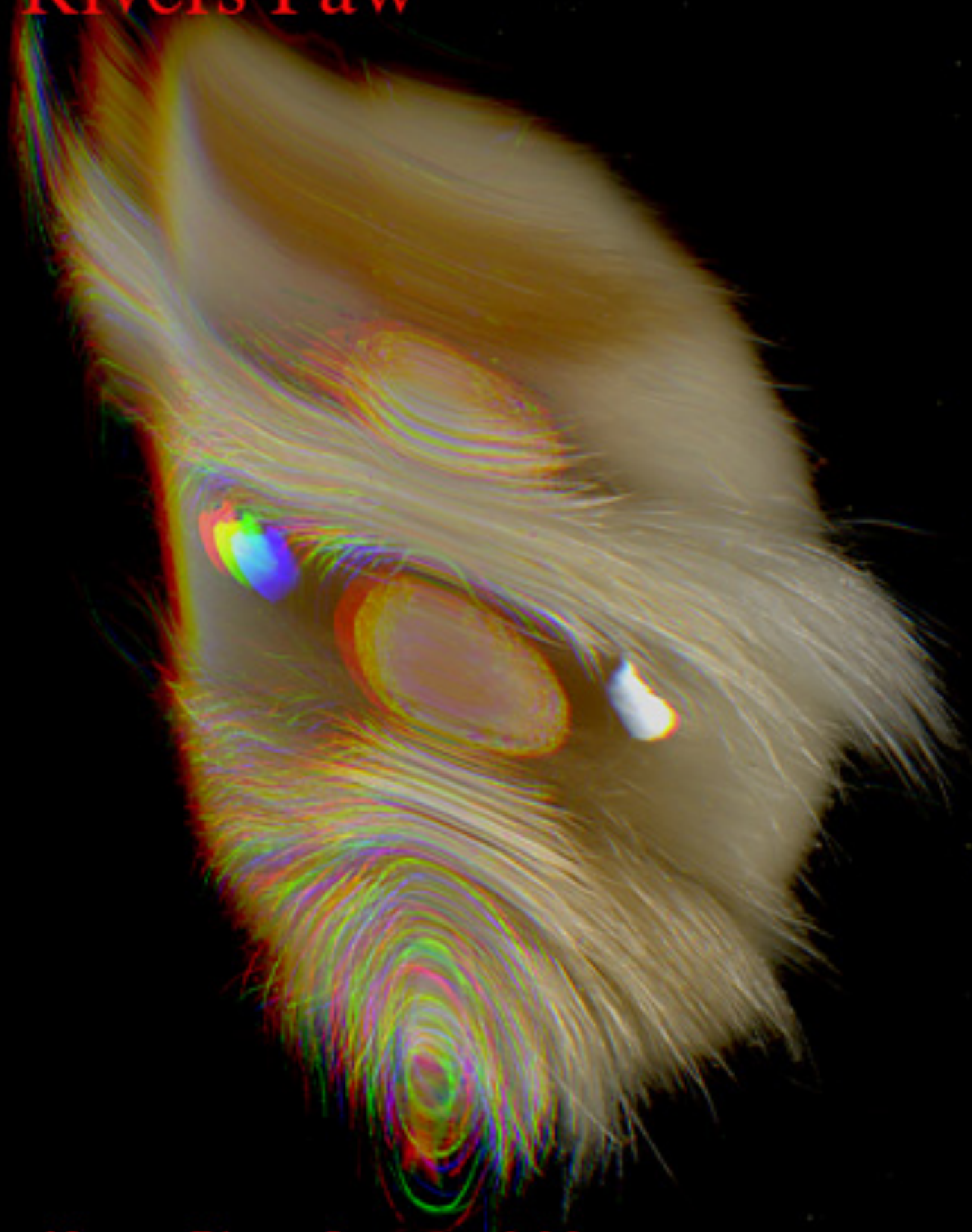




Many Naps to Rivers, Langour & Mouse
Portrait of a Snack: Flatbed Chik'n'Skin







Tuesday, March 29, 2005

I OPEN UP THE BACK OF THE VAN AND RIVERS TAKES A NAP IN THERE
In the novel, he doesn't wake up when I shut the door and drive to the
old folks home in Boulder - thereby a crucial encounter takes place

Saturday, March 26, 2005

of cuddling strangeness

Rivers is my not so little homuncular fellow

39 inches stretched hind-legs to fore-paw,

on the kitchen sill window, what he's doing there

is reminding us, again, of

ROCKWELL TYPE FAMILY w/KITTY

Rivers is not missing any meal his mass is surprising

His cuddling strangeness, I've got to put a bib on before

he climbs me and we make – what to call it, but it never works

Rivs tears my bib apart, he will drool on me

so innocently does it start, slowly

soft circling thumb caresses on his breast

turns his purring volume up sounds like

like the rising patter of soft soled shoes of runners

on early Sunday morning pavement,

we are just getting started, and a claw of his slips

between three layers of fabric, including a sweater

to my skin, Rivs would say - ready to get roughed

up? There are 9 more where this come from, or -

Rivs stands up and weights a paw between collarbone,



pulsing up and down, and shoulder, the purr-like the old stimula vibrato
sonic-acupressure shiatsu masher, oh, Rivs, you do me best.

Wednesday, March 16, 2005

The Best Cat

lets me pick him because I can

and stays in whatever posture I hold him, looking around from this papoosed
perspective, again the paw extends to my chin the way a queen gives her hand
to kiss - that is Orange, responds to Rivers, is best.

These are all words well in advance of pictures many of you already know.
How often is the cat you know that thinks and acts so alike, as you, that always
looks as if he's slept in his clothes, who has no compunction ruining a new sofa
or rug, who sits outside in 30 degrees under the light on the porch of a house
he's no longer allowed to enter, who cuddles and takes to a stroke as well as
anyone you've previously held, oh Rivers, now I know what Roberta was
singing about me! Yes! Sleeping with Rivers the perpetual Cat, Starved for
attention licks soil off my fingers sits on my chest - neck, now wants my lips, if
I'd let him - the rural is full of horrors, including Rivers, a bumpkin sack of
manners - though occasional Majesty, Convenes an Introductory Meeting
between Owen, Fanny and a Tormented Mouse -

My home is red and Rivers is orange, with his own kitty door, but he prefers to
enter through mine. Rivers jumps on the bed, my blanket is red. I pick Rivers
up because I can and he lets me. I want him to always be this fat and happy,
and would be concerned if he wasn't, and that's how it is with us.

Many Rivers to Naps

I write Rivers Poetry on the theory it is a thing I could take with you.

Transmigration of the Soul - Transmigration of the Poem, about Rivers, one
and same. Rivers! I called into the void - see my red blanket tumble empty by.

Looks at my lap like

- Hey, are you using that?

Pounce. Sleeps right

here

Rivers, slightly, droplets of drool. Always wondering what I am up to -
caught me taking a whiz out back

Hi, Chris, is what I think he says.

Jeez Rivers, I think, hear a milquetoast white rb 80's song

"I am so into you"

as his always playing theme song for me; but its not an insistent, intrusive head-butting yowling plea for attention, but a baggageless inquisitive - by one who knows both the meaning and the difference between 40 days in the desert and oasis, tempered by Riv's own cover of Gloria Gaynors "I Will Survive" (Gloria protests too much - Rivs's is a Cowboys Junkie's knockoff) merely put, the stating of a preference, like the casual of our speech back in the 60's
-Hey wanna ball?
Substitute scratch and stroke in Rivers case –
he does remind me of a Deadhead...

River's too fast for me to lift a camera - see's my glance and everything changes, and he's my homo ann margaret, orange-red hair and all - go on, I dare you, ask me: is Rivers a Natural?

River's nocturnal, waiting on the bed for me to hang it up and climb under the covers, soliciting warmth in all forms - I think it no great limb to say the cat senses. It's been a long time since I had a pet, and this was not an acquisition on my part, but came with the territory.
But last Valentines day, when I decided to drop a dime on Rivers food - feeling a little low rent about feeding him Purina, with its obfuscatory ingredient list "**dry rendered tankage**" and the expose I read about the making of this stuff in the Los Angeles Times a dozen years ago. But he wouldn't eat this 3 times as much brand of food, didn't eat for four days, and on the fifth, I didn't see him all day. That evening my studio, a likeable space, shrank, cold and stark in his absence, and I reminded and felt too much like the worst parting I've ever known. Jeffrey had assured me - if they are hungry enough, they will eat, is my experience, he said. That was on the third day of the hunger strike, and I thought - Jeff knows what he's talking about.

I guess - I'd gone against my own impulse to get the feed he was accustomed to, and now look...

The trouble with asking for advice is you might get some. I thought, and slumped in the easy chair he'd been kicked out of the big house for ruining - then I noticed - a sweater I'd tossed on my tallest shelf, near the ceiling, Riv's was sleeping. I've been happy and well accompanied ever since.

He follows me around on the property, 2.5 acre's, less like a dog but a patient girlfriend who knows no better place in the world than my company; he sits on a 4x4 fence post while I move 100 year old 20 foot board lengths of pine. I was so happy, but what Rivers thinks will ever come of hanging around the shop, I don't know. Then he goes tearing up a tree and I think of children making Daddy,

Watch! I think this cat is odd, and the sense it makes that we are together.

He makes Owen and Fanny look like developmentally disabled 2nd graders, compared to his 1480 SAT score, and like the meager 1.63 grade point average I had, he only seems to apply himself to naps.

Rivers gets disturbed when I ignore him and starts dashing around like crazy and ripping up the chair so I say loudly: Listen Buster!

It makes him stop on a dime and go to his cat door which he sits halfway out of for a minute, then comes back, contrite.

This morning I was trying to convince both of us

- Rivers you've got choices -whittle on the dog kibble or go make yourself useful find some vermin – and become worthy of the name: Country Mouser!

Rivs takes no notice of this I have stated like an edict.

Prior to that he would be seen conspicuously crossing CR10West in the direction of the nearest homestead - a quarter-mile back of the lilacs, where a treeless stucco flintstone thing has risen up where once were prairie dogs.

CR10W is the domain of a slow pickup truck driving drunkard, between the hours of 4 and 5pm; a time Rivers chooses as we are just sitting down a nice meal ourselves, and is seen by all. On cue Florence see's him and says

- Oh! Look at Poor Rivers

He looks like a problem teenager to me, trying to find out do we care.

Ask Mr. Jeffrey and the answer is, keep going, Nogoodnik.

He looks out the dining room picture window that faces the road and conceals a good riddance - on account of cat piss and worse – Rivers is a cat who will never get it. This has cost him dearly, privy no more to the good house-life, desultory at best in policing rodents. What we have here is a failure to agree on identity's...

Thinking, Mr. Jeffrey does, Rivers should be grateful for a ratty pillow beneath the shop water heater - there are cats like this – period. While Rivs queues around the backdoor with delusions of his former grandeur restored, in the style he had become accustomed, which once included catered bowls full of canned food alongside beloved old Mr. Victor, an elegant striped orange gent who didn't well make the transition from planned neighborhood life in Lafayette to the less licensed sector of outer Berthoud, either

Mr. Vic was an inside cat from the getgo, and the Metternich's would never dream of consigning to a water-heater's stray BTU's...







Rivers wrong idea about his place among us was imprinted in the tri-level naps he took as a kitten in at 26 Sweetwater Circle, shared with Mr. Vic, the four Metternichs and two fawned over dysfunctional Jack-russels (Pokey and Patches) that give him the idea he deserves canned meat, psychotherapy and daily massage for all those two got. Nor did he care to quit destroying new furniture, and his bright idea of using piss to signal his annoyance at the catbox maintenance - has cast him out, into my house.

For Trauma, Rivers misses his sister, China who he saw killed by the CR10W drunk-driver, after which he ran away for a few days.

Came back looking as if he'd eaten electricity in big bites, a wild time that revisits him, twice a day anyway - crazed clawed interrogation of cushion interstices w/sofa like a mouse hides there.

It doesn't, he rips it up.

Hey! Is all I have to say.

Rivers is so sensitive and the wildness stops for a minute, returns - what got him kicked out of the nice big soft house for non bourgeois behavior.

I appreciate it is unevictable. I don't care for the couch either.

I think he knows - sensitive to his bread butterer making a loud unamused sound - he's been kicked out of Eden, unlike two dogs many times his junior in every respect except size and will pummel him for fun - dipshits I've seen eat his vomit like it was - they have no *like it was*, and I think resent Rivers for his boundary lessness, for not wearing a shock collar.

He fears them not.



